

A Gain of

36,213

PER DAY.

The following figures are taken from the books of THE WORLD and are SUBJECT TO ANY TEST or comparison to which esteemed contemporaries may be pleased to subject them:

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide during December, 1891..... 9,208,780

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide during December, 1891..... 10,331,420

Total gain for December, 1891..... 1,122,640

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1891..... 297,058.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1891..... 333,271.

AVERAGE GAIN PER DAY FOR 1891..... 36,213.

INCREASE IN

ADVERTISING.

Number of Advertisements in the WORLD during the month of December, 1891..... 52,659

During the month of December, 1891..... 59,014

A Gain of 6,355

Advertisements.

IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

In taking the stand which it has taken against the outlaws of New York, THE EVENING WORLD has been inspired only by its constant desire to be true to the public to whose service it was dedicated on the day of its birth. Whatever success it has won in its crusade against lawlessness and infamy brings to the altar of that same public service. It believes, indeed, that it has won triumphs in this, as in other undertakings, only because the cause was that of the people and of the right.

Today, the fight to secure the suppression of outlawism, to enforce the code drawn for the protection of life and property, to defend New York's good name, and "make talk city a better place to live in," is being waged earnestly on the grounds mapped out by THE EVENING WORLD. Numbers of dens lately open wide and defiantly are now closed. Others are running guardedly on short time. In still others it is felt, apprehensively, that the day of their prosperity in wickedness is past, and that the time of reckoning is close at hand.

The forces of law and order when aroused and united, are indeed mighty. To arouse those forces was the task THE EVENING WORLD set for itself, as a piece of public service to which there was an imperative call.

And the word for the hour is still this: The outlaws must go.

THE FOOLISH FLIRTING WIFE.

The girl who flirts is foolish, or even reckless. But she is sometimes, what is so charming in her if stupidity that the sober witness of her foolishness forgives her, saying to himself that she will grow wiser, and that, after all, she means no harm.

But the married flirt is worse than foolish, and almost worse than reckless. The wife who invites the attentions or the smiles of another man than her husband risks her own life's happiness for the momentary gratification of her vanity.

A woman in a Kentucky town is today the wife of a murderer. She is prostrated by the blow, and yet the chances are as indicated by circumstances that she has killed yesterday. It was a case of detected flirtation, of insane jealousy, of a ready pistol, of bloodshed.

Of course no woman will take thinking the risk of causing such a tragedy as this. But the thoughtlessness which leads to such an end—is it not something to be studiously avoided, even in appearance, by the woman who would be considered true to her husband, her sex and herself?

The Chaplain of the Bethany Faith Home, at Pittsburgh, has been dismissed on account of his predilection for kissing the pretty girls at the Home. He tried a line of defense based on "the holy kiss" is the doctrine of St. PAUL.

Ministers will learn, perhaps in course of time, not to presume upon their cloth in such fashion as this chaplain seems to have done. To the world at large a kiss is a kiss, and it is not a matter in which special indulgence may be accorded to a man because he is of the clergy. Even the "holy kisses" of a chaplain may "take from the peach its blush."

Senator Rogers should remember that he and his Committee are hearing Senate contest cases in the interests of justice, not with the one purpose of seating Democrats. Otherwise they wrong both the people and their own party. The Committee must hear all the evidence on both sides.

The wicked QUAY, whom every Harrison man pursues, is still capable of fine work it will be observed. In the Republican primaries in Philadelphia last night the Administration was soundly beaten and ten Blaine delegates to the National Convention were made sure.

Inexperience and incompetence played their part in the late Brooklyn county fatality, according to the Coroner's jury. The contractors are responsible, says the verdict. Does it end there, or is the lesson to be made plain enough for all city contractors to read?

Such a free and easy way they have in Chicago. A man takes a fancy to a load of express packages standing in the street and calmly drives away with it. Of course, there is no clue. Everything went with the wagon.

Marked bank bills are traced to an Ohio legislator, and there the shade of alleged bribery is thrown upon Senator SHERMAN's re-election. It is time for a fustian smile from the Foraker side of the house.

The "Law and Order League" of Pittsburgh has started in to put down the Sunday papers. So it seems there is still a Mrs. Portington, broom in hand, arrayed against an inflowing ocean tide.

The President may well be concerned about the Chilean situation as long as among any of his subordinates there is the disposition to make war where no war is called for.

Prince RUSSELL expresses himself as tired of playing the role of President's son. He will be glad if his father does not run again. Is this another Blaine straw?

The Railroad Commissioners echo public sentiment in recommending all possible haste in the work of establishing the block system on the New York Central.

A United States cavalry trumpeter has fallen here to \$55,000. How he will blow his own horn now.

Arion sells for \$150,000. It's worth while to own the most remarkable trotter in America.

New York's outlaws are perhaps getting convinced that they must go.

THE CLEANER.

I had thought that every avenue for the employment of women had been sought out, but I was agreeably surprised yesterday to meet a bright woman traversing a fair here, before considered exclusively masculine. She was Miss Belle McElroy, of Canada, who is the charming and efficient press agent for Tragolani Robert Downing. The young lady has full knowledge of the requirements of such a position and the cleaner is confident that her ability is equal to her knowledge.

Regarding the docking of horses, I read a communication from a Virginian the other day in which he claims that he docked a pony while she was eating and she did not raise her head from the manger, showing that the pain, if any, must be very slight.

I see that Gilbert Waecher, a Minnesota man, proposes to make a tour of the world on horseback. He will start from Chicago, Peoria, take the steamer for Havre from New York, from Havre he will ride to Berlin, via Paris, thence to Moscow, Russian Siberia, Western China and Peking. From there he will take the steamship to San Francisco, cross the Rocky Mountains to Chicago, where he expects to arrive in July, 1893. Mr. Waecher is thirty-six years old and stands 6 feet 2 inches in height.

Congressman Timothy J. Campbell and his bride will make his first public appearance on Tuesday at the tail of the Post-office superintendents and clerks at the Lenox Lyceum Friday evening. I am told that a box has been engaged for the newly wedded couple, and they will hold an impromptu reception.

Mr. Burdett-Conte, who has been in New York since the horse show collecting material for a work he is writing on the hackney horse, is an enthusiast on this subject. In fact, he has been so much interested in the breed for the market, and his breeding stables in England, which he calls "Brookfield Stud," are the largest of the kind in the world. It is said that he makes money enough out of the sale of his horses to supply him with all the pocket money he requires.

Make a Note of It.
[From the Boston Record.]
Chicago does not want the International Silver Congress, but thinks Paris is the place for it. For once the Windy City has found something it does not want.

He Should Not Be Backward.
[From the Chicago Times.]
If there is any other office Mr. Foraker would like to run for it is to be hoped he will not repress his longings. There is some curiosity among Democrats to discover whether he could be elected Constable or Justice of the Peace.

Well, That's A Question.
[From the Cleveland Post.]
Will John Sherman help in the scheme to bounce Cal Brice and give his seat to Foraker?

Understands Dodging Tactics.
[From the Boston Herald.]
Garza, the Mexican Revolutionist, says that he has been a newspaper man nearly all his life. He explains his fertility of resource in dodging the troops of both Mexico and the United States.

They Are Agriculturally Inclined.
"Yes," said Press Agent Richards, of the Park Theatre, after reading the theatrical criticisms in the Tuesday morning papers, "they can't palm these New York successes off onto us Bostonians unless they have cows and horses in them."

LEAD HER SPOUSES.

Women Reveal How They Manage Their Husbands.

Matrimonial Secrets Exposed by "Evening World" Readers.

Practical Plans to Make Domestic Life Happy.

The question which has recently agitated the women of Scotland, "How to Manage a Husband Properly," is being rapidly brought to a satisfactory solution by women who read THE EVENING WORLD.

Great interest is being manifested in this contest, and the awarding of the prize will be no easy matter. All letters received will be considered in making the decision, though it is impossible to print a large number. The contest is governed by the following:

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold double eagle to the woman who, in a single letter, not to exceed two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address (not necessarily for publication), and be directed to HUSBAND EDITOR, EVENING WORLD, PULITZER BUILDING.

Be a Turtle Dove, Not a Snapping Turtle.

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[To the Editor.]
If you are a naturally a kicking animal and sometimes resembles a male obstinacy, yet if you do not put the reins of government too tightly he is easily led to believe he is a kind of masculine angel.

If a husband is of a domestic turn and stays in evenings you can easily manage him through his love for a rocking chair. Get him a comfortable, rocking chair in the warmest corner, slipper, pipe and cigars, and he will be content to sit there and read a cup of hot coffee or chocolate.

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Good Housekeeping Counts Most.

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[To the Editor.]
Begin your married life the way you would wish to continue. Make him your most confidential companion. Practice domestic economy and let him see you know and appreciate the value of the money he has labored for.

Never forget your modesty.
Leave him to his own thoughts and reflections occasionally. Bitter him to a certain extent, study his wants and desires. Be kind, obliging and neat at all times.

Don't worry him about your domestic troubles, but talk of them in a way that does not interest him.

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Keep All Family Matters Secret.

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[To the Editor.]
Allow a wife of twenty-five years and the mother of eight children to say a word to the younger one.

I have found the secret of a happy home consists in never allowing a third person to know that secret. Never under any circumstances tell your husband's faults to your neighbor or friends. You have vowed to take care of his secrets, and if you do not, you are a bad wife.

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[To the Editor.]
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Treat Him Like an Omnivorous Animal.

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[To the Editor.]
Only about 17 per cent. of husbands are worth managing. Like other animals of the omnivorous species, you can best win their gratitude and affection through their stomachs.

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[To the Editor.]
If you are a naturally a kicking animal and sometimes resembles a male obstinacy, yet if you do not put the reins of government too tightly he is easily led to believe he is a kind of masculine angel.

Keep Him a Little Jealous.

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[To the Editor.]
To manage a husband successfully is to let him think that he is the best and dearest man that ever lived. Men, as a rule, are all conceited. Raise him to his face and to your friends, so that he hears it. He will think you are an angel in disguise.

Be a Turtle Dove, Not a Snapping Turtle.
[To the Editor.]
If you are a naturally a kicking animal and sometimes resembles a male obstinacy, yet if you do not put the reins of government too tightly he is easily led to believe he is a kind of masculine angel.

Be Diplomatic.

Be Diplomatic.
[To the Editor.]
A woman who undertakes to manage her husband must be a diplomat. She must study him without his knowledge of the fact, making out the good and bad points in his character.

Be a Turtle Dove, Not a Snapping Turtle.
[To the Editor.]
If you are a naturally a kicking animal and sometimes resembles a male obstinacy, yet if you do not put the reins of government too tightly he is easily led to believe he is a kind of masculine angel.

He's the Right Kind.

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[To the Editor.]
The right kind of a man needs no managing at all. If a man's heart is wrapped in his wife and home he will seek enjoyment nowhere else. He will share a wife's life as a man's home and surroundings are comfortable for him. If he has less in it than that, he will be a failure.

Told in Three Words.

Told in Three Words.
[To the Editor.]
Feed the brute.

SKETCHES BY F. M. QUAD.

The Man Who Explained.

He was a middle-aged man, with a good deal of rheumatism in his left leg. He had so much of it, and it was so mean about hanging right there, that he dragged the leg and had to use a cane. He got on a Broadway car at the Post-Office after much effort, fell into the only empty seat, and here his troubles would have ended for a time had he kept quiet. But he didn't.



There was some moisture on his mustache, and instead of bringing his right elbow around in the old New England fashion and sweeping it off he felt for his handkerchief in his overcoat pocket. When it came out a small bottle came with it. A black liquid escaped, and there was an odor which set every nose to snuffing.

"I've been having a cough, you know," said the man in a tone of apology, "and that's a bottle of squills. I presume you all know what squills is? I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it. Squills is good for tickling in the throat, and I'd just paid a quarter to get that bottle filled."

The apology seemed to be accepted by all except the man on his right, who growled out something about taking a lack when he had a cough, and for the next three minutes nothing occurred.

Then the squills man suddenly waved to the conductor to stop the car, and after it was stopped asked if that was Canal street?

"Canal," we are not within six squares of Canal street," replied the conductor, as he bustled the bell-strap ringing two bells.

"I would say," remarked the squills man, as he looked around, "that I supposed we had reached Canal street. Nothing was further from my intention than to unnecessarily detain the car."

That also seemed to pass off all right, except with the man before mentioned. He growled again, and was heard to say that he ought to have taken an Elevated train. It looked now as if a happy household had settled down to solid enjoyment, but it was not to be.

The squills man made a sudden dive into his left-hand overcoat pocket for his dogskin gloves, and as they came out three or four solid-looking caramels, a bunch of hairpins, a lot of wooden toothpicks and the ace of clubs came out with them and scattered over the floor. Everybody looked and began to grin.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the squills man, as he made a great effort to recover his presence of mind, "I desire to explain that."

"You can't!" interrupted the man who had growled.
"I can't?"
"No, sir! You will only make the case worse by trying to. Better get off the car!"

"I think I will!" he said. "Yes, I think I had better get off."
And he went out looking dazed and scared, dropped off the step unaided of his leg, and the car rushed merrily onward with the squills spreading out more and more, and that ace of clubs gradually working under the seat to find the king of hearts and take the trick. M. QUAD.

WORLDLINGS.

Probably the youngest woman evangelist in the country is Fannie Edwards, a fifteen-year-old Louisville girl, who has been preaching the Gospel to Tennessee mountaineers. She is very attractive in appearance and quite eloquent, it is said.

The deepest depth of the sea is reported to be at a point twenty-three miles north of New Guinea, where soundings showed a depth of 28,850 feet.

The first pieces of iron shaped like a letter S, and found in the walls of old brick buildings, serving as girders, are said to have been old-time symbols of the sun.

The greatest glutton of antiquity was Albinus, the Roman, who at one breakfast ate 500 eggs, 100 peaches, ten melons, 100 small birds and 400 oysters.

A statistician of small things figures it out that the posterity of one English sparrow amounts in ten years to something like 276,000,000,000 birds.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Overheard.
It was dark upon the waters;
Stare a star gleamed in the sky;
But a lone ghostly shadow
Of a rowl loomed before me.

Then I heard a gentle whisper—
"Tear a voice I clanked to know
And you need not hands to row!"
—Judge.

Misdirected Affection.
She sent him a kiss in her letter
And he wrote her a love letter;
And the dead letter clerk paused to take at his work
That kiss that went astray! —Puck.

Ingratitude.
One day young "Tid" sought me out.
"O! man, I'm broke," he said,
And for something he'd thrown my way,
I let him have it. —Life.

All Lost Save Honor.
[From the Epitaph.]
She-I find, sir, that you are engaged to three girls besides me. As a man of honor you can explain that.
He-I forgot to tell you that I am a Mormon convert. —Judge.

Naval Item.
[From the Boston Globe.]
Mr. Smartly—We are going to have trouble with Chili. If we have war our white squadron will be like a fire-place.
Charles Slow—Like a fire-place. How is that?
Mr. Smartly—Well, you know a fire-place has a grate opportunity.

"THE CABINET MINISTER."

It was Arthur W. Pinero who gave us "The Squills" and "The Weaker Sex," and with those plays he forged bonds of gratitude that made him a household name. He has already impressed itself upon play-goers, it is nevertheless true that it is better for a good man to write himself out than for a bad man to write himself in.

Pinero's plays have always been characterized by neatness and literary finish. Of late he has neglected the dramatic essentials of a play for the sake of character episodes. And in "The Cabinet Minister," which was presented for the first time in this country at Daly's Theatre last night, Pinero has neglected everything except a few smart phrases.

There is very little plot to the play, which is described as an "eccentric comedy," and it is as formless as "The City Directory." For four acts comedy rush on and off in well-dressed, chatter, rapidly, and then—chatter squills again. The play is supposed to satirize the financial difficulties in which the wife of the right Hon. Sir Julian Twombly, M. P., has involved herself. She falls into the hands of a money-lender, who offers to settle with her if she will allow him to speculate with some of her husband's government securities. This she declines to do, but speculates herself successfully, making the money-lender. That is the plot, and the plot is all contained in the third act.

None of the characters in Mr. Pinero's play have titles, most amazingly long and intolerable titles. Pinero must have been counting on the "Armys and Armies of London," who adore a title, and would not see a play or read a book that didn't have a "duke" in it. Mr. Pinero has not attempted any character sketches. His people are light, trivial, silly and colorless. The third act is the best of the four. In it the wife starts out to get the better of the financier. If this act had been the first, and the rest of the play had been devoted to the theme it suggested, the comedy would have been a great success.

The play ends with a dance called the "Strathgry," in which all the principals partake, and which is very delightful. It is pretty and lively, and atones partly for a very worthless evening. Mr. Daly's only fault was his acceptance of "The Cabinet Minister." He did all he could for it. It was beautifully staged—although the Algerian conservatory was a trifle too suggestive of the outside of a dime museum that is to be seen on Fourteenth street—and it was exquisitely costumed. That Miss Helen did not appear he was wonderful. Good and see the play, and you will understand that there was nothing in it for her.

The hit of the evening was made by dear old Mrs. Gilbert, who danced as gracefully and as vigorously as a girl of sixteen—more gracefully and more vigorously than some girls of sixteen. John Drew had a very small part and he was made up to look positively comical. Miss Adelaide Prince did admirably as a Miss Landlady and was delicious. Miss Louise Sylvester, one of the best character actresses in this country, played the small part of a French nurse so well that it was a pity the part was not longer. George Leslie contributed a very good sketch of a lacaine young woman, and Sidney Herbert made a hit as the wily financier. ALAN DALE.

Graduated in High Standing.

Graduated in High Standing.
[From Judge.]

Cal Lerrin—Well, neighbor, busy as usual making foot-ware? Buy what a peculiar lapstone you have!

Hygieia—Yes, sir. That lapstone has a history. Eight months ago my little girl graduated from the New York City High School. This lapstone is the first spring-cake she made.

Liked a Margin.
[From Puck.]

Finest flannel shirts with a printed Indian design on them are worn with dark waist-skirts. They are worn beneath the skirt and have double flaps down the front and pointed waistbands. Neckties, wide and narrow, are also affected in the same style.

A plum pudding that does not come to table in a blue flame of glory is not come to table.

Queen Victoria's favorite opera is "Cavalleria Rusticana," and the one time she loves best of all is the "Blue Bells of Scotland."

A pretty ornament is a dainty head-rest of fishnet and linen. Fishnet in all the art shades and also intermixed with gold is one of the late novelties in decorative work. It is sold by the yard and the price is according to the width. The linen used for this little head-rest is twisted and is in ivory white. The embroidered pattern is a delicate fishnet. In the center of this puff of fishnet is tied, on either side, a ribbon of corresponding color, with a long loop, which is thrown over the back of the chair and holds the head-rest in place.

Old Lady (excitedly)—When is the train to New York due?
Ticket Agent—In two hours and forty minutes.
Old Lady (with a sigh of relief)—I am glad I am not too late.

Remarkable.

Remarkable.
[From Brooklyn Life.]
Briggs—You know the most remarkable thing about sunsets is his great will power.
Griggs—How so?
Briggs—Why, his doctor ordered him to take more exercise and he has been around to the Crescent Club gymnasium for two days running.

The Deceitful Husband.

The Deceitful Husband.
[From the Boston Herald.]
Actress—So you are dissatisfied with my acting?
Manager—Yes, you don't die naturally enough. You must die as if you really meant to accommodate your husband, and put him to bed with a kiss. You must die so that he will be deceived.

Not Necessarily.

Not Necessarily.
[From the Epitaph.]
He—Would you marry for filthy lucre?
She—It would depend upon how much there was of the filthy stuff.

A Misunderstanding.

A Misunderstanding.
[From the Epitaph.]
Cusmo (after the fashion of the parlor)—Lou, what made you say there was a gentleman and his little son in the parlor?
Miss Cusmo—The maid said there was a man there, and I thought I thought he was a boy named William.

Putting Two and Two Together.

Putting Two and Two Together.
[From Puck.]
The First Speaker—Speaking of street-cars, I think the companies are entirely too stuck up. You wouldn't believe it, but yesterday—just on account of a little parcel which wasn't quite convenient to carry under my arm—I was put into an old-fashioned hack as twelve consecutive cars, and only wanted to ride a dozen blocks at that.

The Second Speaker—Well, and you rode them, didn't you?

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Many Different Styles in Hats and Bonnets—Leg o' Mutton Sleeves—Are Fashionable—Fine Flannel Shirts with Dark Winter Skirts.

There are at least half a dozen different styles of hats and bonnets as unlike each other as it is possible to be. In the first place, the flat panache hat or bonnet, with its little panache of feathers on one side, now with moderately wide brims throwing a slight shadow over the forehead, now only just large enough to cover the top of the head. Then Russian toques hold an important place in millinery; they may be quite simple and make of satin or very elegantly composed of embroidered cloth and fur. With these has been revived the old poke bonnet or capeline, with regular trim and crown and even an attempt at a curtain.

The teachers used to trim these are soft and curly and ribbon bows are plentifully intermixed with them.



CREAM POPPIN, WITH RIBBON VELVET AND RABBIT FUR.

The one great thing in note-paper is to avoid vulgarity or show in any way, and then you know that what cannot be wrong. The simplest is the best. Oddities of cut or ornament which are the caprice of a day should be used with caution.

The leg-o-mutton sleeve has become distinctly fashionable and makes use of whatever material is abstracted from the skirt. As to the bell-skirt it is no longer merely fashionable; it is imperative.

To drink soup as not to be heard is an accomplishment that all good livers do not possess.

A woman up in East Eighty-first street came